

# PROBLEM OF THE IMMIGRANT JUST NOW ESPECIALLY PRESSING

Cut Rates Across the Ocean Bringing Added Thousands.

How to Keep Out Undesirables a Very Serious Question.

Health Requirements Are Now Enforced With Stringency.

THE recent competition among transatlantic steamship lines, whereby stateroom passage from Europe to America was reduced as low as \$10, by enabling many thousands of aliens to come to the United States who would not otherwise have been able to do so, has focused attention anew on one of the gravest public questions—the immigration problem.

Prompted by the annual reports of Commissioner Sargent of Immigration, Congress has for some time realized that the yearly invasion of our land by a vast horde of aliens of every type is in reality a menace to all that is best in national institutions, and various legislation has been enacted to throw restrictions around the admission of foreigners. These include a test of literacy and the possession of a fixed amount of money.

Unfortunately the literacy test can be met by the very type of alien not desirable for a citizen, while the reduction in the cost of transportation naturally results in more persons being able to land in America with enough dollars in their pockets to meet the requirements of the law. The immigration authorities have therefore been compelled to rely on the remaining restrictions, principally the health requirements, to enable them to exclude the worst of this riff-raff, yet nearly half of the recent arrivals have been debarred from admission, and have been sent back to the ports whence they came.

## Not an Unmixed Evil.

It is not that all immigrants are undesirable as citizens. A country whose entire population is extraneous within 20 or 30 years is in a poor position to assume such a posture, while the records of foreign-born citizens is such as to preclude the wisdom of anything like prohibitive legislation. But only the most reckless or foolishly optimistic can contemplate the annual influx of approximately 1,000,000 souls without grave concern, and a keen realization of the vital bearing on the welfare of all is the quality and characteristics of the new element.

The constituent elements of this "arm of invasion" are to be considered, their individual character and capacity for useful work, their respect for law and order, their ability to stand the strain—morally, physically, and mentally—of the life of their new surroundings; in other words, the power to assimilate with the people of this country, and thus become a source of strength for the support of American institutions and civilization instead of a danger in periods of strain and trial.

To this end the Bureau of Immigration is making a constant study of the various types represented in the immigrant class, with the result that such study has been reduced to a science, and while, for diplomatic reasons, no expression can be obtained from the authorities upon what nationalities furnish desirable and what undesirable aliens, yet the line is sharply drawn, and immigration encouraged from the one and discouraged from the other as much as may be within the provisions of existing legislation.

## Mr. Sargent's Views.

"Human beings vary," says Commissioner General Sargent, "not so much because of any inherent difference of nature, as because of difference in the molding influences of which at every stage of development they are the product. The problem presented, therefore, is how may the possibility—nay, probability—of danger from an enormous and miscellaneous influx of aliens be converted, by a wise prevision and provision, into a power for stability and security."

"If such a solution can be obtained, it would seem that the part of the nation to make no effort to that end, to trust fate to the circumstances that no very serious ill resulted from the failure to take any especial care in



A HUNGARIAN.

One of the Middle Stand and of Races Seeking Haven in This Country.



A FINN WOMAN.

Her Sterling Character Is Clearly Shown in the Lineaments of Her Face.



A SWISS GIRL.

No Need to Question the Desirability of Such Immigrants as She.



A RUSSIAN FARMER BOY.

If All Russian Immigrants Were of This Type They Would Not Be Listed With the "Undesirables."



THE FAMILIAR ITALIAN TYPE.

Such as Herds in Filthy Quarters and Remains Alien for Generations.



A SLAV.

An Anarchist in the Making If Not Already Made—A Menace to American Institutions.

Bureau of Immigration Makes Constant Study of Types.

From Northern Europe Come the Most Desirable Classes.

Latins in General Do Not Assimilate With the Americans.

Between city dwellers and country dwellers. The latter, if given the least assistance, will gravitate immediately upon the rural communities, become a part of the agricultural element, and rear clean and healthy children, who may assume the leadership of their fellows in business, the professions, and politics. The latter, anaemic and mentally warped on their arrival, will inevitably bury themselves in their respective quarters in the great cities—seldom getting beyond New York—where they fester and breed criminals and form mafias and anarchistic colonies, and corrupt the electorate.

He may, on arriving, have several times the amount of money brought by his fellow-countryman from the country, and a more general smattering of "education," while his cunning and craft is a million times greater; but his blood is poor, his moral nature is warped, his political ideas the heritage of centuries of oppression. These types are equally discernible from Commissioner Sargent's photographs.

## Wants Country Dwellers.

Commissioner Sargent feels very strongly on this point, to the extent of insisting on legislation which will enable him to assist the country-dweller to a favorable rural location, and to direct thither as he may of the other class. Says he:

"In my judgment the smallest part of the duty to be discharged in successfully handling alien immigrants, with a view to the protection of the people and institutions of this country, is that part now provided for by law. Its importance, though undeniably, is relatively of secondary moment. It cannot, for example, compare in practical value with, nor can it take the place of, measures to insure the distribution of the many thousands who come in ignorance of the industrial needs and opportunities of this country, and by a more potent law than that of supply and demand (which speaks to them here in an unknown tongue), colonize alien communities in our great cities. Such colonies are a menace to the physical, social, moral, and political security of the country. They are hotbeds for the propagation and growth of those false ideas of political and personal freedom whose germs have been vitalized by ages of oppression, under unequal and partial laws, which find their first concrete expression in resistance to constituted authority, even occasionally in the assassination of the lawful agents of that authority. They are the breeding grounds, also, of moral depravity; the centers of propagation of physical disease. Above all, they are the congested places where industrial bodies which check the free circulation of labor to those parts where it is most needed, and where it can be most benefited. Do away with them, and the greatest peril of immigration will be removed."

## Country Makes Citizens.

"Removed from the sweatshops and slums of the great cities, and given the opportunity to acquire a home, every alien, however radical his theories of government and individual right may have been, will become a conservative—a supporter in theory and practice of those institutions under whose benign influence he has acquired and can defend his household goods. Suitable legislation is therefore urgently demanded to establish agencies by means of which, either with or without the co-operation of the States, aliens shall be made acquainted with the resources of the country at large, the industrial needs of the various sections, both rural and urban; the cost of living; the wages paid, the price and capabilities of the lands, the character of the climates—in short, all that information furnished by some of the great railway lines through whose efforts the territory of the United States has been transformed from a wilderness within a few years to the abiding place of a happy and prosperous population. I hope Congress will provide for the establishment, in connection with the various immigration stations, more particularly the Ellis Island station, N. Y., of commodious quarters, properly officered, where such information may be given to the new arrivals."

## THE WORLD'S MOST ECONOMICAL MILLIONAIRE

ELEVEN years ago, when the Columbian Exposition was about to be opened, Chicago was promised a visit from the world's most economical millionaire, Patrick Driscoll, of Arizona, but he was not seen in the crowds at Jackson Park, says the "Chicago Chronicle." Mr. Driscoll had fully decided upon coming here for the purpose of seeing some parts of the world, but before he completed his arrangements for the trip President Cleveland made his public declaration against the free coinage of silver. Driscoll's income was cut down several thousand dollars a month by an anti-silver coinage law. So he abandoned his journey, feeling that he could not afford so expensive a tour at such a time.

Mr. Driscoll owns four of the best paying silver and gold mines in the Colorado Valley of Mohave county, Arizona, and has an income of over \$50,000 a year, yet he spends no more than \$30 a month for his personal comfort. Many generous gifts, however, have come from the Driscoll bank account to poor miners and their suffering families.

## Cooks His Own Food.

Driscoll lives alone in a cabin, cooks his own meals—of flapjacks, pork, bacon, and oatmeal—and sleeps in a bunk of redwood filled with straw and covered with blankets. Once a year he goes to Phoenix or Los Angeles for a few days, but he always returns to his cabin saying that he will never take so long a journey again. His sole amusement is

playing pedro for 5-cent cigars, and if he can win a pocketful in the course of an afternoon he is happy. He has never been known to stand the loss of more than a half dozen cigars in the course of his pedro gambling in one day, for he will quit when the tide of luck is running so hard against him.

## Proud of His Parsimony.

The old man loves to have people marvel at his cheap, primitive way of living while he is so wealthy, and he always relates in the Kingman and Ash Park saloons what he hears strangers say to him about the "rich old Irishman who lives in a cabin." He has a grain of generosity, and is not a miser, even if he does call himself one. A year ago, when a miner's eyes were blown in by blasting operations at Clifton, Driscoll made quiet inquiries concerning the man. When he learned that a wife and six children were dependent upon the blinded man's wages the old fellow sent a bank check for \$5,000 to the family, and the gift was known until several months later. Several times the bodies of Driscoll's poor friends in the mines have been sent to relatives in the Eastern States, and even to Ireland, at his expense.

What Driscoll will do with his wealth when he comes to die is a matter of speculation. It is not known that he has any near relatives, although some kindred rather remote will doubtless appear when the estate gets into the courts for administration. At any rate there is a prospect for a rich harvest for the lawyers.

## Has a Large Income.

Driscoll is supposed to be worth between \$1,200,000 and \$1,600,000. His income from his mines is \$6,000 a month and he draws about \$15,000 a year dividends on railroad stock in which he invested in the early days. He has no relatives as far as he knows. The old miner had experienced all the prospector's poverty and hardships until he was past the middle age, when he drifted down to the Calico mines, in San Bernatillo county, California, in 1881. There he found a mine which he sold for \$15,000. This gave him his first capital to deal with in mining on his own account. From Calico he went to Arizona, and in two years located a base ore mine of silver, gold, and lead in combinations. The Diana and Antirum mines became his. He invested his profits in the Harqua Hala mines, and doubled his wealth in a few years. From that time he has been prospering to a degree undreamed of by him.

He has never changed his manner of living. He is over sixty and in fine health. Every day he may be seen walking about the town of Kingman or over to Williams, where he has lumber interests. No one would believe from his appearance that he had property.

## Setting a Lawyer Down.

"NOT long ago a prominent contributor to the columns of the Philadelphia newspapers was a witness in a trivial case in court and was being harried by a bumptious county lawyer, who asked: 'So you are a writer, are you? Well, sir, with what great paper or magazine are you connected?'"

"With none," was the modest reply.

"Then why do you call yourself a writer? What do you write—novels, scientific works, histories or what?"

"I write anything and everything that occurs to me as likely to be worth reading or to sell, whether it is worth reading or not."

"Well, then, for whom or for what do you write? You say you are not connected with any paper or magazine."

"Yes, sir, I so stated. I am an unattached writer, for the general market."

"Just so. You write anything that occurs to you. Well, now, do you ever write up the proceedings of courts?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you state to the judge and jury what particular kind of court proceeding you would deem worthy of your pen?"

"Yes. If I saw a young lawyer treating a respectable witness in a very rude and disrespectful manner and making an ass of himself generally, I should think that possibly worth writing up."

The court and jury smiled audibly. The judge took the witness in hand for a moment.

"How much do you think a scene like this, for instance, ought to bring if it were well written up?"

"It would depend upon the actors. If the lawyer were a person of any note or character possibly \$5 or \$10."

"What would you expect to receive should you write the facts of this particular instance?"

"About 75 cents, your honor."

Counsel for the defense had no more questions to ask.

## Setting a Lawyer Down.

THE late Gen. John B. Gordon gave this story to the narrator only a few months before he died: A few days before Christmas, 1863, when the army of General Lee was suffering its greatest privations there was a dramatic scene in the tent of the judge advocate general. The morning was cold, the wind was bleak, and the ground was covered with snow. The wood fire seemed only to make the cold more penetrating.

Edward Cooper, wearing the gray uniform of a private soldier in the Confederate army, stood before a court-martial charged with desertion. The facts had been stated by the prosecution, and the prisoner was asked to introduce any witnesses he might have for his defense.

He calmly replied: "I have no witnesses."

Astonished at the calmness and dignity of the soldier and the indifference with which he seemed to be submitting to an inevitable fate, General Battle said to him: "Have you no defense whatever? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy and without any reason?"

A Reason, But No Defense.

"There was a reason," replied Cooper, "but it will not avail me before a military tribunal."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," replied the general. "You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known

## WHEN GENERAL LEE PARDONED A DESERTER.

the cause or causes which influenced your action."

Thereupon Cooper approached the president of the court and presented a letter, saying as he did so: "There, general, is what led me to go." The letter was offered as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words:

"Dear Edward: Since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie crying. I called to him and said: 'What is the matter, Eddie?' He said: 'Oh, mamma, I am so hungry.' And Lucy, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. Before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die."

Turning to the prisoner, General Battle said:

"What did you do when you received that letter?"

Cooper replied:

"I made application for a furlough. It was rejected. Again I made application, and it was rejected. That night I wandered around our camp thinking of our home, the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me and the burning words of Mary seething in my brain."

"I was no longer the Confederate soldier; I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary. If every gun in the battery had been fired at me I would have crossed those lines. When I reached home Mary hung her arms about my neck and sobbed:

"Oh, my dear Edward I am so glad you got your furlough."

"She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death and catching her breath at every word, she said: 'Have you come without your furlough? Go back, Edward; go back! Let me and the children go back to the grave, but, for heaven's sake! do not tarnish the honor of our name.'"

Every officer on that court-martial was visibly affected by the defense, but each in turn pronounced the verdict—"Guilty." The proceedings of the court were reviewed by General Lee, and upon the record was written:

"Headquarters, A. N. V. The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will return to his company."

R. E. LEE.

The court-martial could reach no other conclusion than to find him guilty of desertion. The commanding general could pardon him, and did pardon him. Edward and Cooper were afterward brave Confederate soldiers. The officers raised some money out of their slender means and sent Robert to his wife and children.

—Philadelphia Press.

## A STORY OF STOREY.

An English paper tells a little anecdote of the distinguished painter Storey in his capacity of teacher of perspective at the Royal Academy. On one occasion Mr. Storey was asked to dine with a wealthy—and Philistine—father of one of his pupils. Over the undeniable port he by no means doting parent inquired how his son was getting on.

Mr. Storey could not bring himself to say much that was favorable.

"Humph!" grunted the man of money. "Well, I hope he will turn out an artist, for I am quite sure he's not fit to be anything else."